King. If it be ſo *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo, how otherwiſe,
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I my Lord, ſo you will not ore-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace: if he be now returned
As liking not his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it, I will worke him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall,
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But even his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.
Laer. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deviſe it ſo
That I might be the organ.
King It falls right:
You have bin talkt of ſince your travell much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a quality
Wherein they ſay you ſhine; your ſumme of parts
Did not together plucke ſuch envie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.
Laer. What part is that my Lord?
King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no leſſe becomes
The light and careleſſe livery that it weares,
Than ſetled age his ſables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveneſſe: two months ſince
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I have ſeene my ſelfe, and ſerv'd againſt the *French*,
And they can well on horſe-backe; but this Gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew unto his ſeat,
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe
As he had bin incorp'ſt and demi-natur'd
With the brave beaſt; ſo farre he topt my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and trickes
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A *Norman* was't?

King.

King. A *Norman*.
Laer. Upon my life *Lamord*.
King. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed,
And gemme of all the Nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report
For art and exerciſe in your defence,
And for your Rapier moſt eſpeciall,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a ſight indeed
If one could match you; the Scrimers of their nation
He ſwore had neither motion, guard, nor eye
If you oppos'd them: ſir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenome with his envie,
That he could nothing doe, but wiſh and begge
Your ſudden comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.
Laer. What out of this my Lord?
King. *Laertes*, was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aſke you this?
King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it;
There lives within the very flame of love
A kinde of wieke or ſnuffe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſſe ſtill;
For goodneſſe growing to a pleuriſie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe,
We ſhould doe when we would: for this *Would* chan
And hath abatements and delayes as many
As there are tongues are hands, are accidents,
And then this *Should* is like a ſpend-thrift ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing: but to the quicke of th'ulcer,
Hamlet comes backe, what would you undertake
To ſhew your ſelfe indeed your fathers ſonne